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LONGFELLOW GEMS

ILLUSTRATED BY

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BOSTON
SAMUEL E. CASSINO

196 SUMMER STREET

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TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

*River ! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and
free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea !*

*Four long years of mingled feeling.
Half in rest, and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.*

*Thou has taught me, Silent River !
Many a lesson, deep and long ;
Thou hast been a generous giver;
I can give thee but a song.*

*Oft in sadness and in illness
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me, like a tide.*





THE RAINY DAY.

*The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.*

*My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.*

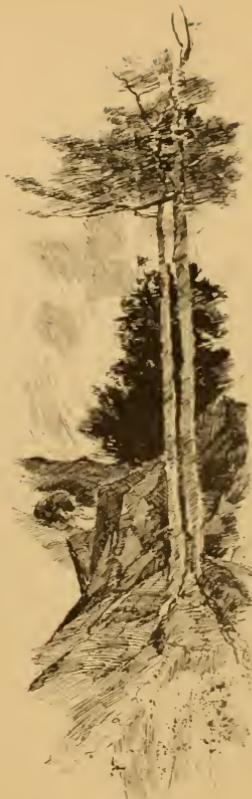
*Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.*





SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

*I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me ; — bathed in light,
They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,
And, in their fading-glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.*





WOODS IN WINTER.

*When winter winds are piercing
chill,
And through the hawthorn blows
the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That over-bows the lonely
vale.*

*O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert
woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely
play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.*

*Alas! how changed from the fair
scene,
When birds sang out their mel-
low lay,
And winds were soft, and woods
were green,
And the song ceased not with the
day.*

*But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your
crowd;
And gathering winds, in boarse
accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.*





BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

*On sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell ;
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down
The glory, that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its brazen leaves.*

*Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,*

*In the warm blush of evening shone ;
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian's soul awakes.*

*But soon a funeral hymn was heard
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall, gray forest ; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.*





EXCELSIOR.

*The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and
ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!*

*His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its
sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!*

*In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and
bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!*

*"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and
wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!*

*There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!*





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